Ascenion in Blood

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Ascenion in Blood

by Silvaxus

Summary

24. Begging / Anal / **Alpha/Beta/Omega**

Hannibal never saw something so beautiful as Will Graham covered in the blood of his enemy.

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble Imoshen

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal was watching from the sidelines and took a deep breath of the air heavy with blood and viscera. The growling of two fighting Alphas filled the house followed by the crash of something breaking apart.

Following the sound into the kitchen, Hannibal made sure to stay out of the room and just watch Will take his opponent apart.

The Minnesota Strike was an older Alpha and used to hunting and fighting but...Will was a young Alpha in his prime and able to conjure up the minds of the worst serial killers and Will had lost himself in it.

Hobbs's daughter, Abigail, lay in a puddle of her own blood on the kitchen floor, her eyes staring blindly at ceiling. Dead on the floor while her father fought for his life against an Alpha he stood no chance to overcome.

Will was magnificent.

He fought with claws and brute strength, blood marking his face and hands but Hannibal had his doubts that any of it was Will's. Hobbs was on the defense because he knew he was fighting for his life. Taking and killing young Omegas was one thing, but fighting an enraged Alpha in his prime was different.

Hobbs managed to land a lucky punch which snapped Will's head to the side and then it felt like the whole scene was frozen over.

Will staggered back half a step, held his head aside before he turned his head slowly back to face his opponent. There was a mutual stare from both Alphas...before Will lunged at him.

A loud crack and Hobbs howled when Will broke his arm, body now open and unprotected, before Will lunged again, this time with his teeth.

More blood filled the air and Hobbs gargled while Will growled and pulled back. Shreds of flesh were between his teeth with blood dripping down his chin.

Will reminded Hannibal of an Alpha from the old tales; covered in blood standing victorious over his slain enemy.

Hobbs was down on the floor, next to his already dead daughter, and slowly bleeding out while Will and Hannibal watched him.

The second Hobbs was dead, Will opened his jaws and let go of the shreds of flesh between his teeth. Panting, Will was looking left and right, shaking his head, and Hannibal could see that he was about to return into his conscious mind when the FBI barked through the front door and Will retreated back into his pure Alpha mind; all fight and no flight.

Blocking the way into the kitchen, Hannibal stopped the agents before they could come too

close to Will.

Too close, and Will would kill them without another thought and Hannibal couldn't risk this.

After a few clipped words, the agents left Hannibal alone and simply his authority of an older and strong Alpha made the agents leave. Good.

Walking into the kitchen, he was hit directly with the scents of blood and Alpha pheromones; evidences of a fight with only one winner.

"Will, you did well in fighting the lesser Alpha. You won the fight and took his life. Well done."

Hannibal spoke in a low and soothing voice, he wanted to get closer to Will. He wanted to calm the younger Alpha down.

Will looked at him with red glowing eyes but at a second glance, Hannibal noticed that there was still a thin ring of blue around the black before the blue was swallowed by the red of a furious Alpha.

Extending his hand, as if he wanted to calm down a skittish animal, Hannibal waited for Will to stop snarling at him before he closed the distance between them.

"I'm proud of you, Will. You tracked your prey, found him, fought him and won. Such a strong Alpha…"

Will was looking at him with concentration, his whole focus was on Hannibal and he made a soft rumbling sound before he stepped closer to Hannibal.

Bloody fingers armed with claws, longer than one would expect to find on a young Alpha like Will, wrapped around Hannibal's wrist. Blood streaks marked Hannibal's skin now but he didn't mind. Just like he neither minded nor tensed when Will sniffed Hannibal's wrist.

Red eyes searched for Hannibal's gaze and Hannibal held himself relaxed and tried to transfer his inner calmness to Will.

Carefully, Will licked over the sensitive skin on the inner side of Hannibal's wrist and licked off the bloody streaks he left.

Smiling, Hannibal allowed Will to come closer. The younger Alpha allowing the older and stronger one to take over a situation that would overwhelm the younger one while his instincts urged him on to fight and bite.

Will went still in Hannibal's arms while Hannibal tried to imagine what he could and should do with such a formidable young Alpha who smelled strongly of arousal. A normal reaction for an Alpha over a won fight but that Will was submitting so beautifully to Hannibal promised so much more waiting in the future for them.

The FBI came into the kitchen and Will snarled and snapped at the agents standing over the carnage he had caused.

Chuckling, Hannibal dragged Will outside through the back door.

He couldn’t wait for the day he could explore all the wild facets that Will was still hiding from him.

End Notes

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